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Wm Brownlee 22 Oct 06

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Jairus's Daughter.

One time when Jesus came to Capernaum a man called Jairus, a ruler of the synagogue, came running to Jesus, and fell down at His feet, crying,—

'My little daughter is even now dead; but come and lay Thy hand upon her, and she shall live.'

Perhaps some of the people standing around may have said,—

'Poor man, his trouble has made him quite silly. If, as he says, his little girl is dead, why does he trouble Jesus?'

'Thy daughter is dead. Trouble not the Master; He can do no good now.'

But Jesus, who saw and pitied the poor father's grief, said gently,—

'Fear not; only believe.'

So he followed Jairus into the house and into the room where the little girl lay upon the bed.

'Why do you weep?' said Jesus to those who were standing around. 'She is not dead, but sleepeth.'

At this some of the hired mourners laughed, and said,—

'Not dead! As if we, who are always mourning over dead people, do not know better than that!'

Then Jesus sent all but the father and mother and three of the disciples from the room.

When they had all gone out, He took the dear little girl by the hand, and said,—

'Damsel, I say unto thee, "Arise."'

At these wonderful words the color came back to her pale cheeks, her eyes opened, and she jumped joyfully up and began walking about the room.

And after Jesus had told her parents to give her something to eat. He went quietly away.

—'Footsteps of the Master.'

'HE TOOK THE DEAR LITTLE GIRL BY THE HAND.'

'Now I Lay Me.'

The familiar prayer of childhood, 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' still holds its own, although various modifications of it and substitutes for it have been suggested from time to time.

An old English version is given as follows:

I lay my down down to sleep.
I give my soul to Christ to keep;
Wake I at morn, or wake I never,
I give my soul to Christ for ever.

But to the present generation it is doubtful if any other lines will recommend themselves as a bedtime prayer for the little sons and daughters. Surely no other prayer can hold so many sacred memories for so many people as the verse:

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

Over-anxious people declare that the use of the word 'die' has a depressing effect upon a child, but the evidence of many persons is that when they were taught the prayer the word had no morbid or unpleasant significance to them.

To many people 'Noy I lay me' stands next in richness of association to 'Our Father which art in heaven.' It held the same sacred place in the hearts of their mothers and fathers, and it is to be hoped that the children of the present will cherish it among their memories of home and childhood.—'Christian Age.'

Saving a Percentage.

'Lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him.' An old epitaph (1579) in the Doncaster Churchyard is no less true than quaint:

That I spent, that I gave:
That I gave, that I have:
That I left, that I lost.

The Future Life.

It is the misfortune of our time to place everything in this life. In giving to man for his sole end and aim the life of earth, you aggravate all his miseries by the vnat negatur. And that which was only suffering—that is to say, the law of God—is changed to despair, the law of hell.

The duty of us all, legislators, bishops, poets, is to help raise all forces toward Heaven, to direct all souls towards the future life. Let us say, with high confidence, that no one has suffered unjustly or in vain.

Death is restitution. God appears at the end of all. It would not be worth while to live if we were to die entirely. That which alleviates labor and sanctifies toil is to have before us the vision of a better world through the darkness of this life.

The world is to me more real than the chimera which we devour, and which we call life. It is forever before my eyes. It is the supreme consolation of my soul.—Victor Hugo.

God Bless Our Broad Dominion.

1. God bless our broad Dominion, our bonny Northern land,
Our thousand forests waving wild, our lakes and torrents grand.
From where the misty surges of bold Atlantic roar,
To where the bright Pacific sweeps along our western shore.
O bless our broad Dominion, here make Thy truth to stand,
So shall Canadians freemen be, and true in heart and hand.

2. God bless our broad Dominion, our rugged Northern land,
From Polar Iceberg's frosty ring, to Southern Frontier's band,
God bless all tribes and peoples within our vast domain,
And make them all as brothers work, and not for greed or gain.
O bless our broad Dominion, here make Thy truth to stand,
So shall Canadians freemen be, and true in heart and hand.

3. God bless our broad Dominion, our homes, our flag, our King,
Spread happiness and plenty amongst our maples green,
In peace or war our Guardian, be Thou our Father still,
And what Thy wisdom sees is best shall be our Father's will.
O bless our broad Dominion, here make Thy truth to stand,
So shall Canadians freemen be, and true in heart and hand.

R. S. Knight.

'We are the People.'

Was there ever a people with a brighter outlook for the future than we of Canada have to-day? Was there ever a people who faced greater opportunities for good than we do at this time?

We laugh at the schoolboys who shout and cheer themselves hoarse after a school game, and proclaim 'We are the people.' But this is a time when 'We are the people' in very truth.

'We are the people' who, banded together in one wide Dominion, must make it and keep it a God-fearing nation.

'We are the people,' we, who make the laws, who must make justice and righteousness reign. 'We are the people,' who must welcome the throngs now pouring into our Dominion from all parts of the earth. 'We are the people,' who must educate not only the children, but all those who come to us from countries where they have had no strength for anything but the terrible struggle for the bare necessities of life.

'We are the people,' who must enforce the keeping of the Lord's Day, in spite of the influence of those thousands who come to us from other countries where they have never realized the prosperity and wealth, spiritual and material, which came from honoring God's command to keep His day Holy.

'We are the people,' who must banish from our land the use of alcohol. We who are clear sighted enough to see the curse it brings, and the sorrow and degradation it leaves to the innocent children whose fathers have sinned.

'We are the people,' who must keep pure the great stream of literature which has such a tremendous influence in this day—we who can do it by refusing to subscribe to or buy any paper or book which is not clean and worthy of support.

'We are the people,' who, having all this and much more to do, yet know so many blessings of prosperity and strength; of good laws and increasing wisdom; of peace and unity, among ourselves and under the guardianship of our Mother England, that we may well give thanks to God and go forward with much joy and a great consciousness of our power to will and to do all by His help.

Canadian Characteristics.

Every visitor to Canada must be impressed with the robustness and vigor of Canadian life. There is a wholesome and heartiness about the typical Canadian that betokens clean living and right thinking. If we were asked to express in one word our conception of the sons and daughters of Britain who dwell above the lakes, it would be—virility.

Canada is strong in many particulars, but we are gladdest in religious ideals. Her people are in the main a religious people. They love the old church of our Lord Jesus Christ. To its services and its work they give loyal support. There are no other people on the continent who are so faithful in attendance upon the ordinances of God's house.

As a consequence of this, Canadians have stood firm for the proper observance of the Lord's Day. While it cannot be said that Canada's attitude has been altogether ideal in this respect, it is certainly true that she has been in advance of many other countries. To a great degree—we wish we could say to an increasing degree—the people of Canada, whose fathers learned on the other side of the sea to reverence the Sabbath Day, have withstood the forces of Sabbath-breaking. It should never be forgotten that in a holy Sabbath and an open Bible Canada will find her greatest glory.

In her temperance laws and in her treatment of the Indian, Canada has shown herself a nation whose God is the Lord. Her record contains many such reasons for pride, and at this time of celebration she may gratefully look back over an honorable past, and thank Him who has been her Leader and Guide.—'Forward.'

A Great Country.

'Canada by reason of its great geographical extent—its area is more than thirty-five times as great as that of the British Isles—its inexhaustible mineral deposits, its unrivalled fisheries, its limitless forests, grazing lands and wheat fields, its bracing climate, and above all its free institutions, the Dominion of Canada seems marked out to be one of the great future homes of the Anglo-Saxon race. What the United States now is, the Dominion seems destined at a time not very remote to become.'—Prof. Myers, Professor of History in the University of Cincinnati.

Skirmishes.

It is good for a soldier to have part in a few skirmishes before he goes into a great battle. In the skirmish he gets accustomed to danger and learns not to run when the bullets come. The lesser battle helps when the fiercer contest meets him, for he has learned the first lesson of the fighter.

That is the way it is in life. The little temptations are the battlefields where we get ready for the big temptations. The little tasks are the preparation for big tasks. Athletes are trained for severe contests by regular exercise which does not strain them. The strain comes in the match, and the best preparation is in the regular training that does not strain, but prepares for a strain. So we are trained for life.

All of your school life is a preparation. So is your play life. So is your working at the tasks which are set for young people. You are in the skirmishes. It makes a great deal of difference what you do, for that is largely what you are going to do in the bigger contests of later life. You are getting yourself ready.

Many of the failures of later life can be traced directly back to habits formed while young or to lapses in earlier years. So most of the successes can be traced back to the same period. We are weak or strong as we have fought or yielded in the days of the past.

What are you doing just now? Are you fighting bravely and cleanly, or are you shirking and failing? That is the test.—Exchange.

The Fresh Hour.

Every day should be commenced with God. The busiest and best man in Jerusalem was wont to say, 'In the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up;' 'I will sing aloud of thy mercy in the morning.' Daniel, too, saluted his God with prayer and praise at early dawn.

We begin the day unwisely and at a great risk to ourselves if we leave our chamber without a secret conference with out Almighty Friend. Every Christian, when he puts on his clothes, should also put on his spiritual armor. Before the day's march begins he should gather up a portion of heavenly manna to feed the inner man.

As the oriental traveller sets out for the sultry journey over burning sands by loading up his camel under the palm tree's shade, and fills his water flagons from the crystal fountain which sparkles at its roots, so does Christ's pilgrim draw his morning supplies from his exhaustless spring. Morning is the golden hour for prayer and praise. The mind is fresh, the mercies of the night and the new resurrection of the dawn both prompt a devout soul to thankfulness. The buoyant heart takes its earliest flight, like the lark, toward the gate of heaven.

One of the finest touches in Bunyan's immortal allegory is his description of Christian in the Chamber of Peace, who 'awoke and sang,' while his window looked out to the sun rising.

If even the stony statue of old heathen Memnon made music when the first rays of the dawn kindled on its flinty brow, surely no Christian heart should be dumb when God causes the outgoings of the morning to rejoice!—Theodore L. Cuyler.

Our Great Canadian Holiday.

It is fitting that in these days of growth and prosperity we do more than we have been in the habit of doing by way of celebrating our great national holiday. Dominion Day is a great day because it commemorates the confederation of Upper and Lower Canada, and the laying of the plans for the larger nation that now is—and the larger still that soon will be.

It is the more necessary that we cultivate a pride in our great Dominion that we may the more speedily infuse the great hordes that are coming to our fair land with a like pride. Many of them speak a strange tongue and have stranger ideas, but they can see a flag, and they can see a maple leaf, and these will tell them of the love and pride that we have for our country, and they soon will hoist the Canadian Flag and wear the Canadian Emblem with a like enthusiasm.

Bangs Falls, May 29, 1906.

John Dougall & Son:—

Dear Sirs,—Received pins, etc., in good condition, with which one and all are much pleased. Also thanking you for the premium.

I remain, yours truly,

A. W. MACLEOD.

Mount Forest, June 2, 1906.

John Dougall & Son:—

Gentlemen,—I received the brooches yesterday. I am very much pleased with them. Yours truly,

JOHN ROBERTSON.

Read our offers elsewhere of Maple Leaf Emblems and Canadian Flags for Home and School. Show them to your friends.

BOYS AND GIRLS

St. Cecilia of the Court

By ISABELLA R. HESS.

The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of unbroken thread
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bell;
The book of life the shining record tells.
—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

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CHAPTER V.—(Continued).

Towards noon, however, he folded up his apron, and washed his hands and face in the old tin basin that stood on the shelf. Mickey, coming in at that moment, surveyed the interesting operation curiously, and asked, 'You goin' out, Jim?'

'I was thinking I would, Mickey.' Jim was brushing the dust from his apron with a piece of old calico as he spoke. 'Work is that slack, there's little to keep me at home.'

'And where be ye going?' It was quite the correct thing in Court etiquette to interrogate one who was going to the unusual trouble of washing his face before going out. That usually betokened a funeral, or a church going, at least.

'It's thinking I am,' observed Jim grandly, 'of going up town to get my dinner to-day.

Mickey surveyed him in unbounded astonishment. 'What would ye be goin' away off for your dinner fer? You ought to be lookin' at Rickey Madigans' window! It's got pies in it, and fried cakes, and balls that are brown all over a layin' on a scalloped plate, and a piece of meat that makes your eyes red to look at it!' Mickey paused out of breath.

'I wasn't thinkin' of Rickey Madigan to-day,' Jim answered guiltily. 'I was only foolin' about the dinner.'

'You wouldn't be foolin' if you'd see Rickey's window this day!' Mickey had seen it! Didn't Jim know how often the boys wandered out of the Court simply to peer into the windows of that new restaurant, only a couple of blocks away! Just a very common, very little, very cheap restaurant it was; but its one window was clean, and in it were always displayed edibles, that to Mickey and his friends, represented the food of the elect. When the vigilant Rickey didn't send them away at once (which occurred when he was serving a chance patron), they would spend an ecstatic quarter-hour, deciding amongst them, what they would eat, if they ever went inside, and if they had money to buy something with. Very often Jim would talk it over with them in the shop, but to-day he was in no mood to discuss the marvels of Rickey Madigan's chef. Instead, he asked a question. 'Have you seen the Saint to-day?'

'Naw.' Mickey was loath to drop the entrancing topic of Rickey Madigan. 'But I see her mother going to work, and she wasn't drunk, neither! Ain't seen Puddin' neither—ain't seen him since he fell down-stairs.'

'I'm thinkin' I won't be going up town to-day,' Jim answered irrelevantly. 'I'll be takin' the shoes to Jimmie Flynn.'

'I'll be takin' 'em fer ye, if ye like.'—Visions of a penny rose before Mickey's gaze.

'Sure that's nice of ye now, but I'll be goin' myself!' Jim, feeling too restless to sit still, picked up the shoes, and went back into the Court, to the basement where the Flynns lived. An appetizing odor of cookery met Jim's nostrils, and made him sniff hungrily; he omitted the formality of knocking, and, entering, found Mrs. Flynn, with skirts tucked up, dishing out to the half-dozen children, great platesful of cabbage.

'Good-day to you, Mrs. Flynn!' Jim made a courtly bow to the portly lady of the house. 'I've brought ye Jimmie's shoes, and it's a dime I'll be askin' for them, seein' 'tis a hard winter for us all.'

'A hard winter is it you're sayin'!' Mrs. Flynn sat wearily down, spoon in hand, on the rickety chair next the stove. 'Sure the likes of you can get along, without chick nor child! Look at me now, six mouths to feed, and nothin' to fill 'em! If it wasn't for the washin' I was lucky enough to get yesterday, it's hungry they'd be to-day! But it's a half-dollar I got, and the lady gave me a cabbage beside, so I've cooked up the lot with a bit of meat I bought, not knowing where to-morrow's food will come from.'

'It's lucky ye are to have enough to-day,' said Jim, cheerily, 'and if the ten cents is a burden to you, never mind it till ye have it handy.'

Mrs. Flynn looked up gratefully. 'Sure it's the like of you to be sayin' that! If it wasn't for you, Jimmie would be goin' barefoot this day. If I can't be givin' you the dime, I could be givin' you, and glad at that, a bit of dinner. Would you be takin' it, Jim?'

Jim's well-trained face did not betray how very glad he was to take it, as he answered, 'To be sitting down with the youngsters would be a treat! I'll be takin' your dinner, Mrs. Flynn, and you'll be forgetting then that you owe me the dime!'

If the little Flynns noticed that Jim had the biggest plateful of all, then they never mentioned it; it was a day to be remembered in their lives! They could barely wait to swallow the last spoonful of cabbage, before they rushed out to the pump, to announce grandly to their envious audience that Jim Belway had taken dinner with them that day. It was rarely that Jim went inside one of their homes—to have dined with them, at once raised the Flynns to a higher social stratum.

Jim followed the boys to the pump, and stood there for a few minutes thinking; Then he went across the court to No. 20, and climbed up the two narrow, dirty flights of stairs that led to the Sweeneys' apartments and rapped gently at the door before he opened it.

The Saint was bending over a little bed that stood in the corner of the room, and her face lit up when she saw Jim; she smiled at him rather wearily, and smoothed the tangled hair out of Puddin's eyes, as she said cheerily, 'Look here, Puddin'! It's Jim what's here. He's come up here to see you!'

Puddin' tried to sit up at the name, but lay back again with a low moan. Jim heard it, and went over and sat on the edge of the bed, which threatened to give way under the strain. Even Puddin' smiled when Jim said severely: 'And is it layin' in bed ye are this day, when I'm lookin' for some one to be doin' an errand for me. Get up now, this minute, and run over to Rickey Madigan's for a pie!'

He tried to answer back gaily, but couldn't. He only slipped his fat little hand into Jim's hard one, and cried; in the dim light, Jim could see the streaks down his cheeks where the tears had rolled, and noticed that their rosy red color had gone. His keen eyes noticed that the pillow on the bed was clean, and that the floor and the stove proved Cecilia's housewifely skill. Her eyes followed Jim's gaze, and she said, 'I always try to keep the place clean, but Puddin's took my time these two days, so I couldn't be cleanin'.'

'And what would you be clean'n' for?' answered Jim, promptly. ''Tis as clean now as a pie-plate when a boy gets through lickin' it. Puddin' himself will be after lickin' one when the liniment fixes him up.'

'The liniment is used up,' explained Cecilia, talking very fast to keep the tears back. 'And it's no good at all that it did him.'

'I'm thinking,' said Jim, slowly, 'that I'll be after getting the doctor to step in to see you. He'll soon be fixing you all right, Puddin'.'

'Would you be after sending a doctor?' quickly asked the Saint, her voice full of hope. 'I've been thinking all day that it's a doctor ought to be here, but——' and her voice began to shake a bit.

'There's a doctor who gets paid by the city, who has nothing to do but to tend to some of us that can't afford to pay him as well as the city can,' said Jim, quietly, as he turned and left.

All the way down-stairs he could hear Puddin's low moans. The sound rang in his ears as he picked his way across the Court, and for once he had no word for the group at the pump.

The clerk at the drug store noticed him as he entered, and asked pleasantly if the liniment had done its work.

'It did not,' answered Jim, 'and I've come in to ask if you'd be askin' the doctor you spoke of to step in.'

'Sure!' answered the clerk promptly. 'I'll 'phone him now.'

'I'm much obliged to you, sir—do you think he could be comin' this day?'

The clerk didn't know, in fact he shook his head doubtfully; then seeing Jim's disappointment in his face, he good-naturedly telephoned to the doctor, who said that as a personal favor to his friend, the clerk, he'd surely come that very day.

It may have been a foolish thing to do—it certainly was unheard of! But Jim, when he went back to his shop, took his beloved flute from its box on the shelf, and tucked it under his coat, to hide it from the curious eyes of the boys. Then he went again across the Court, and climbed the stairs that led to the Sweeneys' abode. Outside the door, he could hear Cecilia singing in a low, soft voice, 'Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Hark how the angels sing!' But like a minor chord, he could hear Puddin's moaning voice, and his restless movements.

His voice rang gaily as he entered. 'I heard Cecilia a-singin', and thinks I, 'tis easier singin' to music any time, so I've brought my flute along.'

Jim never played so well as he did that afternoon; Puddin's moans grew fewer, as he lay still to listen, and the Saint, with her tired head pillowed on the foot of the bed, fell fast asleep from sheer weariness. Jim's eyes were closed too, as if he could play better that way; perhaps, with his eyes closed, he could see pleasanter things than a small crowded room, a miserably cracked stove, a few rickety chairs, and a window that seemed to bar, rather than let in, the few rays of light, that in the early twilight of a winter's day, managed to creep into the Court.

He was still playing when Mrs. Sweeney came in, perfectly sober, as Puddin's ill-

ness had had rather a sobering effect. She stood a moment on the threshold, amazed at the sight of Jim with his flute—then something about it all startled her, and she quickly stepped to the bedside, and bent over Puddin'.

'Don't wake him,' said Jim. 'Sure sleep will be a blessed rest for him.'

'It will that!' assented Mrs. Sweeney. 'I'm thinkin' 'tis well for her too,' pointing to the Saint.

Jim sat up straight, and looked meditatively at his flute; but what he said was with a certain clear-cut tone, that was unusual for him. ''Tis well for her, I'm thinking! 'Tis herself that is bearing much the good Lord never meant such little shoulders to carry. She is smart and she's good, but I'm thinking she's much troubled!'

Mrs. Sweeney turned around with a gesture, as if she meant to answer, but just them a knock came at the door, and Cecilia jumped up, dazed and startled. Jim's hearty 'Come in' sent the door open, and the young doctor stepped into the room.

'I am Dr. Belden. Is it here that I am needed?' His voice was pleasant, and in the dim light, his face looked boyish and cheery.

'You're in the right place, doctor,' said Jim, simply.

But Mrs. Sweeney could not understand. It's needed ye are, but no one sent for ye.'

''Tis all right, Mrs. Sweeney,' said Jim. 'I sent for him, seein' the liniment didn't help him.'

''Tis well for you to be sendin', Jim,' Mrs. Sweeney's voice seemed a bit unsteady. 'Only ——'

''Tis all right, Mrs. Sweeney.' Jim's voice too seemed a little strained.

The doctor was evidently used to such situations, for without further ado, he threw off his coat, and sat down on the edge of the bed by Puddin', who having been awakened, had begun to moan again. He shrank from the doctor's touch, and called for Cecilia. With her arms around him, she told in a few minutes of Puddin's fall. His face grew grave as he listened, and his practiced fingers felt up and down his spine, despite the cries of pain from Puddin'—cries that made the Saint's face turn white.

'Don't be cryin', Puddin', don't! It's all right! He'll be makin' ye well in a few days. Won't you, doctor? Tell him now that he'll be at the pump on a Monday!'

'I wish I could, little girl!' The doctor's face was very grave, and his voice very soft and gentle. 'He's had a nasty fall—and it will take a good while to fix him up.'

'Is he hurt—hurt bad!' Cecilia's voice trembled painfully as she asked, and Mrs. Sweeney, who was trying to light the little lamp, let the match flicker, and go out, as she eagerly bent forward to hear the answer.

'He's hurt his spine,' the doctor answered slowly. 'And that is always serious. But we'll take him to the hospital, and we'll do our best!'

(To be continued.)

NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

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Queen Victoria's Maxims.

Profane no divine ordinances.
Touch not State matters.
Urge no healths.
Pick no quarrels.
Maintain no ill opinions.
Encourage no vice.
Repeat no grievances.
Reveal no secrets.
Make no comparisons.
Keep no bad company.
Make no long meals.
Lay no wagers.—'Visitor.'

Half-made People.

The phrase 'half-made girl' is not mine. I heard it a few days ago from the lips of one not given to slang phrases or careless expressions. He was trying to decide to whom to turn for aid in a bit of work that needed careful handling.

'They are all so busy,' he said, thoughtfully, speaking of his stand-bys. 'It seems hardly fair to think of adding anything to their present responsibilities.'

'Who is the girl who called yesterday just before dinner?' I asked, by way of suggestion. 'She looked to me as if she might be able to accomplish whatever she undertook; she said she had been away during the summer.'

But so had two-thirds of his congregation; he turned toward me a face that said I had not recalled the person to his memory; so I tried again.

'She is rather tall, and has masses of pretty brown hair, and talks well, only a little too much about herself, perhaps.'

'O,' he said, with sudden intelligence and an accession of indifference in his tone. 'You mean the half-made girl; she won't do.'

'I beg your pardon,' he added, smiling at my look; 'but the phrase describes her remarkably well, and we have fallen into the habit of using it. She could, as you say, accomplish whatever she undertook; but she doesn't. That is, she doesn't do it well. Half-way service is exactly her standard. If she is called upon to make a file of addresses in alphabetical order, she leaves out two or three of the most important names. If she undertakes to copy a business letter, she omits words here and there, sometimes entire phrases, so that her work is a series of interlinings. Or she addresses "Mr. J. N. Stubbs" instead of Mr. J. C. on her envelope, and makes no end of trouble, simply because she fancied that the initials were J. N., and did not take the trouble to be sure. These are only passing illustrations of her style. It is so with everything that she undertakes; I have tried her in all lines of church work, with exasperating results. I have quite given her up as a helper.'

'But,' I demurred, 'surely these are habits which could easily be corrected if her attention were called to them persistently and patiently. Is it wise or kind to toss aside a worker as of no account simply because her work has flaws?'

My young friend, who comes to me to 'mother' him, laughed good-naturedly as he said: 'As a rule I need your lectures, but I believe I am innocent this time. I assure you we have labored earnestly with Lucy. As to patience, Mrs. Osborne took her for three months as special helper in order to try to train her; then gave her up.' And when Mrs. Osborne fails, what is to be said? Lucy is simply hopelessly careless, nor is that the worst. To carelessness she adds a supreme indifference to her mistakes. She has almost a contempt for carefulness; she believes that to be what she is pleased to call "over-particular" about trifles is to be "fussy." ' "What difference does it make?" she asks in unfailing good nature as she interlines her letter; "they can read it just as well there as if it were in its place." She carries the same thought into all her attempts, with the result that we have all learned that work given to Lucy will be half done.'

Since that talk with my friend the phrase 'half-done' has seemed to cling to me. I have been surprised and distressed to find how constantly it fits into lives. I have, for instance, just come from a conference with my neighbor who is wearily struggling with a 'half-done' girl who is attempting to earn her board by serving a certain number of hours in a day, while she gives the rest of her time to study.

'I don't know where she will earn it,' says my neighbor with a sigh. 'Certainly she can't in my house.'

When I asked whether the girl was unfaithful, the reply was:

'Why, she doesn't think she is. She is slack; isn't that the word? If I set her to making beds, she leaves the pillows off of one bed, and the spread half-tucked in on another. 'Oh, I forgot!' she says good-naturedly when I call her attention to them. "I thought of something else just then, and went to see to it, and didn't come back." I guess that about describes her work; she is "thinking of something else." When she dusts a room, she is sure to forget the mantel, or a table, or something. And in setting the table for dinner only half the people get knives, and sometimes none of them have any spoons or salt. I am always having to follow her up and finish what she began; and I can't do it. I would rather not pretend to have help.'

Going up-stairs from this talk with my neighbor, I met a member of my own family, his forehead wrinkled, and complaint in his tone. 'I have spent a half-hour of valuable time in search of my German dictionary,' he said. 'Kate borrowed it yesterday, and doesn't know what she did with it. I do; she let it drop wherever she happened to be when she wanted it no longer; but unfortunately I don't know where that is.'

'Another "half-made" girl!' I said to myself as I joined in the search. Kate's talent for not knowing where things were, that she had used, was well known to us all; there was no use in trying to apologize for her. The good-natured indifference which she exhibited with regard to this fault was not the least trying feature of it, but I am inclined to think that this phase of the disease is always in evidence. The persons of whom we are speaking are really only half developed. Those delicate sensibilities which would enable them to understand the trial that their habits are to others have not been developed. They are 'slack' in every sense of that expressive word, and are willing to be.

What is to be done about them? It was that question, asked of the young pastor to whom I have referred, or rather it was his reply, which set me to thinking and finally to trying to tell my thoughts.

'I don't know,' he said, a look of anxiety, almost of pain, appearing on his expressive face. 'I am troubled about such people. Do you know, I think the habit enters into their religious life? They are only half-way in that also. Half-consecrated, half-resolved upon overcoming, half-interested in the soul-problems that ought to hold them to earnest work, half-hearted all the time. If they could be roused, somehow, to the thought that the Master whom they think they serve is grieved by what they call "trifles," wouldn't it help those who really love Him?'

Would it? I leave the question with you. —'Christian Endeavor World.'

As Christ Loved.

All extreme sensitiveness, fastidiousness, suspicion of what we think our due, come from self-love, as does the unworthy secret gratification we sometimes feel when another is humbled or mortified; the cold indifference, the harshness of our criticism, the unfairness and hastiness of our judgments, our bitterness towards those we dislike, and many other faults which must more or less rise up before most men's conscience, when they question it sincerely as to how far they do indeed love their neighbors as Christ has loved them. He will root out all dislike and aversions, all readiness to take offence, all resentments, all bitterness, from the heart which is given up to his guidance. He will infuse his own tender love for man into his servant's mind, and teach him to 'love his brother as Christ has loved him.'—Jean Nicolas.

How to Grow.

The father of Alice and Jessie found them one day studying with their heads bent low over their books. They said they were very tired.

'Let me see you walk up and down the veranda,' he said.

The little girls wondered what papa meant, and walked slowly across the veranda.

'You are not growing right,' he said. 'I cannot tie you up to a stake, as I did my young peach trees, but I must do something. Come out here on the veranda tomorrow morning at eight o'clock, and tomorrow night at six, and let us see what we can do.'

When Alice and Jessie went out on the veranda before school the next morning, they found their father there in the big hickory chair. There were four tin pails standing near him, and he held two books in his hand.

'I want you to fill these pails at the outdoor faucet, put these books on your head, and, with a full pail of water in each hand, walk up and down the long path for half an hour without spilling the water or letting the books fall.'

The girls laughed, and said that would be fun. They spilled the water very often at first, but soon learned to walk in the right way, and twice a day went through the half-hour walk while their father watched them. They grew to be young ladies who walked like queens.—Selected.

Knowing How to Return Kindness.

'Well,' sighed Aunt Lois, looking after a retreating neighbor, she means well. She wanted to return my kindness so that I'd like it, but she hasn't the know-how. She's brought me back some of the very same sort of things I sent her over the other day, for all the world as if she had borrowed them.

'She wanted to show her thankfulness, I know, but this way only makes me feel mean. If she had brought over some flowers of the kind I haven't in my garden, I would have felt better. But then, she meant well,' and Aunt Lois charitably dismissed the subject. She had no idea that she was, in reality, repeating the wisdom of Sophocles who said long ago, 'Whoever knows how to return a kindness he has received must be a friend above all price.'

To receive graciously and to return a favor happily is indeed an art to be cultivated. Many good souls chafe under imagined or real obligations, even in the matter of small favors, and are uncomfortable until some adequate return is made. But the kindness may be returned in the very manner of receiving it. May it not be the greatest favor of all 'to take for love's sweet sake,' and thus allow a friend the pleasure of giving? If no one takes, how can any one give?

Kindnesses need not always be returned in kind; they may be returned in measure. An acknowledgment, gratefully and immediately offered is more acceptable than a return. The gracious tact of a considerate heart will guide in giving favors and in showing kindness to those who have bestowed their largess.' Indifference, ingratitude or tardy appreciation are even worse than clumsy acknowledgment and return. Surely one should be on the lookout to be kind to those who show kindness, but it should be of the true sort, such as love's Golden Rule dictates, and, where kindness cannot be returned, it can always be passed on.—'Wellspring.'

A Writer of a Famous Hymn.

Mrs. Jemima Luke, author of that most popular of children's hymns, 'I think when I read that sweet story of old,' died recently, at her residence in the Isle of Wight, in her ninety-third year. She was born at Islington, and is said to have written the hymn while travelling in a stage-coach in 1841, though it was not published till twelve years later. She was then Miss Jemima Thompson.

Miss Thompson wrote the hymn while the sole passenger on the coach on a four-mile journey to Wellington, one spring morning. Two years later she became the wife of a Congregational pastor, the Rev. Samuel Luke.

About the time when the hymn was written Miss Thompson intended to become a missionary in the East, and arrangements were made for going to the ship and choosing a cabin, prior to her departure. But she became stricken with a violent attack of erysipelas; her head swelled, her eyes were closed, and she became delirious.

When she recovered she was eager to go, but the doctors told her father that she would probably die of brain fever in a hot climate. Then he withdrew his consent to her going into the mission field. Had she left this country, her hymn might have been lost to the Church and the world. This is the hymn:

'I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to His fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
That I might have seen His kind look when He said,
"Let the little ones come unto Me.'

Yet still to His footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above,

In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For such is the kingdom of heaven."

I long for the joys of that glorious time,
The sweetest and brightest and best,
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest.'

—'Friendly Greetings.'

Only a Few of the Cedars of Lebanon Are Left.

There are only about four hundred trees, says Lewis G. Leary in an interesting article on 'The Cedars of Lebanon,' in 'Scribner's.' High up on the rocky slopes, Hadrian sculptured his imperial anathema against all who should cut these sacred trees; the Maronite peasants almost worship them, and call them the 'Cedars of the Lord,' and a recent governor of this Lebanon has surrounded them by a great wall, so that the young shoots may not be injured by roving animals. Yet, century by century, their number grows less.

But if the cedars are few in number, these few are of royal blood. They are not the largest of trees, though some of the trunks measure over forty feet around. Their beauty lies in the wide-spreading limbs, which often cover a circle two or three hundred feet in circumference. Some are tall and symmetrical with beautiful horizontal branches; others are gnarled and knotted, with inviting seats in the great forks, and charming beds on the thick foliage of the swinging boughs.

The wood has a sweet odor, is very hard, and seldom decays. The vitality of the cedar is remarkable. A dead tree is never seen, except where lightning or the ax has been at work. Often a great bough of one tree has grown into a neighbor, and the two are so bound together that it is impossible to say which is the parent trunk. Perhaps the unusual strength and vitality of the cedars are due to their slow growth. When a little sprout, hardly waist-high, is said to be ten or fifteen or twenty years old, one cannot help asking, What must be the age of the great patriarchs of the grove? It is hard to tell exactly. By the aid of a microscope I have counted over seven hundred rings on a bough only thirty inches in diameter. Those who have studied the matter more deeply think that some of these must be more than a thousand years old. Indeed, there is nothing wildly improbable in the thought that perhaps the 'Guardian,' for instance, may have been a young tree when Hirman began cutting for the temple of Jerusalem.

A Wish.

Do you wish the world were better? Let me tell you what to do.
Set a watch upon your actions, keep them always straight and true;
Rid your mind of selfish motives, let your thoughts be clean and high,
You can make a little Eden of the sphere you occupy.

Do you wish the world were wiser? Well, suppose you make a start,
By accumulating wisdom in the scrapbook of your heart.
Do not waste one page on folly; live to learn and learn to live,
If you want to give men knowledge, you must get it ere you give.

Do you wish the world were happy? Then remember day by day
Just to scatter seeds of kindness as you pass along the way;
For the pleasure of the many may be oft-times traced to one,
As the hand that plants the acorn shelters armies from the sun.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Poverty a Helper.

Poverty often develops a man—richer never. Poverty compels a man to work, incites him to strenuous effort, brightens his wits, develops his judgment, teaches him self-reliance. Of the eminently successful men to-day, 'the captains of industry' and those who stand at the head of their professions, there are few who did not begin life as poor boys. Poverty has been a help to them—not a hindrance. Had they been born rich they never would have achieved anything like so much or become men of such intellectual power and fibre.

'Poverty is crushing.' Yes, it is to some people. There are those who but for their wealth would be down in the dust, unable to help themselves. There are those who will never be anything but poor. They do not have the pluck to conquer their environment. They give in without attempting to better their condition. They do not highly resolve that they will make an opportunity for themselves. If one's circumstances are against him, he must begin to study how he can change them. Circumstances declare that he shall not rise. That declaration he should take as a challenge, and meet it with an affirmation that he will rise. It is by such an indomitable resolution that men have risen from poverty and obscurity to fill the foremost places in the land.

If you are poor, thank God for your poverty. You are saved from the danger of being a useless dude or a reckless spendthrift. In almost every community there are young men who might amount to something, but for their wealth. As it is they give their time to deviltry and dissipation, and are the easy prey of temptation. If you meet the issues of life bravely, you will be the better for having the odds against you at the start. A brave spirit, a clean heart, a noble purpose, an unfaltering trust in God will enable you to fight the battles of life so that you shall be more than conqueror.—'Wellspring.'

Who is Great?

The greatest boy is he who chooses the right and sticks to it, who resists the sorest temptations from within and without, who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully, who is calmest in storms and most fearless under menace and frowns, whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is most unfaltering.—Selected.

A Little Child Shall Lead Tnem.

The good that is being done by seeking to bring the children of Japan to Christ is well illustrated in the following testimony from a worker there: 'One of our girls from the northern part of Japan has told me of her visit home, and how her friends had compelled her to attend heathen worship. "But," said she, "I knew those idols could not hear me, so I prayed to the true God all the time I was there. The priest often told his people to be good and kind to each other; but he said that the religion of the foreigners was foolishness, and they must not pay any attention to it. This made it very hard for me to talk about Christianity to the people, but I prayed often in my closet, and talked to them all they would let me. There are no missionaries there, but I truly hope God will send some one soon, or my people will all be lost. They think I am only a young girl, and will not pay much attention to me. I am praying for them all the time, that God will send some one to teach them of His love and kindness."'

The Newsboy's Bank.

He was very little, and his clothes were ragged, and his hands were red with cold whenever he came spinning around the corner and paused before the handsome house across the way. One funny thing about it was that he never came on pleasant days, but I grew accustomed to see him take up his position and call his papers while the snow whirled around him and the wind tried its best to take him off his feet. At last I became curious, and determined to find out why he never came when the sun shone, and everything looked bright. I had only to beckon to him, and he hurried across the street with a cheerful 'Here you are! A "Record," did you say?'

A moment later I had him before the grate, and his eyes resembled those of a great mastiff as the warmth penetrated his shivering body.

'It's terribly cold,' I began.

'Yes, rather; but I've seen it worse,' was the answer.

'But don't you find it hard selling papers this weather?' I continued.

'Y-e-s, sometimes; then I hustle over there as fast as I can,' nodding at the house across the way.

'Why, do your papers sell more readily in this neighborhood?'

'No,' with a disgusted sniff at my evident lack of business intuition; 'scarce ever sell one here.'

'Why do you come then?'

'Do you want to know the real reason?'

'Yes, indeed,' I replied, earnestly.

'Well, one day, pretty near a year ago, I was most done for; couldn't sell any papers, and was about froze, and if I'd known any place to go, I would have crawled off somewhere and give it all up. While I was thinkin' of all this, a couple of fellows passed me, and one of 'em says: "He's richer'n Croesus now, an' to think he was a beggar only a few years ago." "A beggar?" says t'other fellow. "Yes, or what amounts to pretty much the same thing—a newsboy—and I've heard him say dozens of times that nothing but luck and the grace of God would ever have brought him through." "An' his house is in the next street, you say?" "Yes, we go right past it."

'I followed 'em till they came to the house over there, and while I stood looking at it, something seemed to say to me that if that man could build a house like that when he'd begun by being a newsboy, I could, too. Then I wondered over what the men had said. They'd gone on out of sight, and I said over and over, "Pluck and the grace of God." Then I made up my mind I'd got the pluck all right, and I'd ask over and over for the grace of God. I didn't know just what that was, but every time I was alone I'd just say what I could remember of the Lord's Prayer, and finish up with, "An' give me the grace of God."

'If you'll believe it, I begun to get along right away. I'm saving money to go to school with, and whenever I get discouraged—it's always on stormy days, you see—I just come in front of that house and think it all over, and say, "Pluck and the grace of God," over to myself a few times. Then I go back, and you wouldn't believe how fast the papers sell after that."

'He rose and shook himself like a big dog, and said: 'I must hustle along and get rid of my papers, but I'll be round whenever I'm down in the mouth, for that house is my bank, and I come to draw off it when I'm hard up. I expect it's a deal more comfort to me than to the man that built it.' And a moment later the youthful philosopher was shouting: 'Hyar's your mornin' papiers! "Tribune," "Yerald," and "Record" yere!'—'Ram's Horn.'

The Winning of Hugo.

(By Margaret Lane, in the 'Wellspring.')

The morning service was over in a prominent church of a large city, and the congregation was leisurely passing out.

Elizabeth Gray had waited in the vestibule to speak to a friend, when the minister saw her and stopped her for a minute. Dr. Macey had a request to make of her, and he was very much in earnest. Perhaps he saw that the girl was going to refuse, for after a minute's hesitation he went on: 'I know it is a very hard thing to ask of you so soon after your great trouble, but that class of boys has become so incorrigible for want of a teacher who can hold them that unless we do something now, we shall lose them entirely.

'Then, you will pardon me for saying it, but I feel as if your very position, your charm of manner—and yes, your very attractiveness, are just so many talents put into your keeping to win those boys for Christ.'

There was not a suspicion of flattery in her pastor's manner, and almost before she knew it, she had answered, gravely:—

'I think I should like to try it. You must have known how desperately I have wanted something to do. It has been so very lonely for me—at home, since mother went away.'

Dr. Macey's face brightened with pleasure and satisfaction as he shook hands with her and promised to call that afternoon to take her to her new charges. When she thought the matter over in her refined, luxurious home, she grew dismayed at what she had promised, though she had no intention of drawing back.

'And maybe,' thought the only daughter of the wealthy merchant, 'I shall find what I have been longing for. Thinking about dresses and luncheons and calls isn't very soul-satisfying.'

When the minister came, Elizabeth was ready, and his glance at the young face under the black hat was one of distinct approval; but the girl was a little afraid as she made her first venture into an untried field.

She had never been down in the part of the city where the mission school was, and the dirt, the wretchedness, the utter ugliness of it struck across her sensitive nature with painful discord.

The sharp contrast between the broad streets, pleasnt parks, and handsome homes that had meant life to her, and the narrow, ill-smelling alleys, the unkempt, neglected houses, the dreary outlook that now met her eyes, came to her with a feeling of deep surprise and regret that she had never known of it before.

The mission chapel stood on an open square, a block or two above the river. Except around the church, it was strewn with rubbish. A few blades of coarse grass tried to make their way to greenness in scattered places, but for the rest it was rough and bare. Still, it was the only playground the poor children of the district knew, and on this Sunday afternoon it was crowded with them, playing, fighting, quarrelling, as their instincts led them.

Elizabeth noticed with amusement that the boys were finding great delight in rolling each other down into the ditch in a barrel. Volunteers to enter it seemed to have been numerous when the novel game was first discovered, but they lessened perceptibly as bruises and cuts increased.

Dr. Macey smiled and said: 'Those are your boys.' Just then they caught sight of the two who watched them, and a shout arose, 'Here's a new teacher,' and there was a centre rush for the door. She drew a quick breath as she took her seat among the ten restless street boys that were to be her class.

It was quite evident that they thought the enemy had been delivered into their hands, and with many nods, winks, and whispers they announced their intention of making the most of it. The skirmish began when Elizabeth opened her notebook and asked the name of the boy who seemed to be the leader. An impudent wink from a pair of clear, gray eyes partially answered her question as the twelve-year Ismaelite looked round the class to command attention and replied with a grin: 'It don't make no sorter difference to me, miss.'

There was a scarcely suppressed giggle as the others realized that once more the honor of the gang had been defended, and they followed his example with nonplussing and impertinent answers.

But the 'new one' was quite stupid, for she only said, with a touch of compassion in her tone, 'It is too bad that you haven't any names, but I suppose you couldn't help it, and I am very sorry.' The class stared as one man, but when she took up the lesson paper, hands that varied in shades of dirt all the way from brown to black dived into pockets with marvellous rapidity. When they came out, they held a wonderful assortment of small wares to be bartered away. Strings, nails, marbles, tobacco tags, playing cards were bought and sold under Elizabeth's very eyes. And yet not a single 'Boys, you musn't do that' fell from her lips. And they looked at her curiously once or twice to find that she seemed as much interested as they were.

But when she took up a small gray marble and asked its particular use, they felt that as a Sunday-school teacher she had taken an unfair advantage of them. The boy who had meant to lead the others to the discomfiture of Miss Gray hastened to illustrate with marbles in point their different uses, and when she said, a little wistfully, 'I wish I knew how to play marbles,' he returned, 'I'll teach yer any day yer wanter, an' my name's Tom Jenkins, if yer wanter know it.'

It was the beginning of a complete surrender, and after a little more talk the marbles, cards, and other things slipped quietly back into their owners' pockets. When they came to themselves, they found they were listening to a story.

The lesson that day had been about Daniel, but this story was about a real boy who was very brave and not afraid of anything. He grew up into the same kind of man, and was thrown into a den of lions because he wouldn't stop loving God and serving him. The story was thrillingly told, and the boys listened with intense interest. When it was finished, they broke out again: 'Say, he was a great one, he was. Does yer know any more stories like that?'

Just then the superintendent's bell rang, and before its second tap came she had obtained the name and street and number of each eager lad. Then, with a bright smile and good-by, she left them.

The Preston Hill gang (self-named) came together for discussion at the back of the chapel.

'Well, Tom, how do this yere one strike yer fancy?' asked a bold-faced boy.

Tom turned with an air of studied indifference that was the delight of his admirers and said, 'I tell yer what, fellers, she's all right an' no mistake.' Then, with an access of fierceness, 'An' the first feller what fools wid her is gwine ter git his head punched.'

Elizabeth's first Sunday had won her a complete victory so far as the reverence of the boys went, but as the weeks and months flew by, this reverence deepened into an intimate friendship, which on the boy's side was only another name for undisguised worship.

As she grew to know them, their games, their haunts, their likes and dislikes, she became conscious that they were largely influenced and governed by a boy whom she had never seen at Sunday school, but who played with them and put swift feet in flight whenever she appeared. 'Hugo' was the final

court by which they judged and estimated things.

'Who is Hugo?' she asked.

'He's the fastest runner in the town, an' the bes' swimmer on the river,' they told her, with pride.

'Why don't you bring him to Sunday school?'

The class gave itself to unrestrained mirth at the thought of Hugo in a Sunday school.

One day she caught a glimpse of him as he played with the others. He was barefooted and his clothes were much more ragged than whole, but he caried himself in them straight as a young Indian, so that his fourteen years gained an added height. A tousled mass of hair fell over a forehead that was tanned deep brown to the line where his cap had covered it and showed white above. His eyes were hazel and changed with every passing mood. One minute restless with health and mischief, the next they were defiant or flashing with anger, then again they softened into something very pathetic. Elizabeth could not get the boy out of her thoughts, and the salf-sad, half-merry face haunted her.

'If he can be won, I will win him,' she said.

The day was crisp with the breath of frost and the leaves were yellowing to their fall when she bent her footsteps to the boys' playground one afternoon, hoping that something might bring Hugo to her.

As she drew near the church, she saw that the Preston Hill gang were in the thick of a battle royal with the Pitchfork crowd, their bitter rivals and annoying foes, for the supremacy of the football field. She saw, too, with inward satisfaction, that Hugo was the captain of his team, and she was glad she had not forgotten to wear the blue and yellow colors of the Preston Hills.

Hugo shouted, danced, yes, and even swore, at his men until they carried the ball to the goal and came back with victory perched on their standard. Then they saw Miss Gray on the church steps, and their pride was great. She reached them before the young captain could escape.

'And this is Hugo, isn't it?' she said, as she smiled into the hot face.

'Yes, it is,' he answered, boldly, 'and I ain't comin' to your Sunday school, neither.'

She laughed merrily, and the boy's face softened in spite of himself.

'I am very glad, 'because I wasn't going to ask you to. I only wanted to tell you what a splendid game that was. The Preston Hills couldn't help winning with such a captain.' Hugo plainly did not understand such tactics, and he resented it somewhat.

The lady had not even offered him a tract. Still his natural courtesy prevailed, and he said: 'It warn't so much. Them other boys is bigger an' heavier than we, an' so we's got to be lively.'

'The boys tell me you are the fastest runner in the town, Hugo; is that so?' asked Elizabeth.

'Say,' said Hugo, suddenly, 'I thought you was one of them religious people. What's de game?' Again her merry laugh rang out, this time swelled by the chuckles of the boys, who rejoiced exceedingly to see their hitherto invincible champion put to confusion by Miss Gray, whose many virtues and gifts he had persistently scoffed at and refused to believe in.

Hugo joined in, too, at last, and then proposed, 'Come on, fellers, let's race from here to the tree and back.'

Like a flash they were off, but Hugo's flying feet put him farther and farther in the lead until he was back at the starting place again—the others far behind. Elizabeth's shining eyes and impulsive enthusiasm as she cried, 'Splendid! Hugo, splendid!' seemed to touch the boy, for he said, shyly: 'I reckon mebbe you can't help teachin' in a Sunday school. I never seed a girl what could be such a good feller before.'

She knew the winning of this boy must be a delicate task, as she only said, 'We say it in different ways, but I think we mean the same thing.' Then she turned homeward.

The sun had gone down behind a wall of purple clouds, and its last long light lay on the river. Like a shimmering veil, the beautiful colors rested on the water and broke into a thousand rainbow tints that rippled to the shore The miserable houses that had been so repulsive a minute before stood bathed in golden light, each tiny window blazing like a ruby. The evening glory fell on the boys, still gathered in a group, talking, and as she looked, the beauty of it all stole into Elizabeth's heart, mingled with a feeling of deep rest and peace.

After this, Hugo drew a little nearer, though he still held sturdily aloof from the Sunday school. But she knew that he was always on the lookout for her. Once he brought her some flowers and watched her pin them in her belt with a proud, pleased look. Then again they were marbles that he brought.

'They is the bes' shooters there is, 'specially when you'se playin' for keeps,' he explained.'

'Yes, and I am playing for keeps,' she said, but Hugo had not yet learned that the same thing said by two people may have different meanings.

One day something happened, and Hugo became Miss Gray's willing subject, defender, and friend. It was late when she started down to see the boys at their favorite meeting place near the chapel, though how late she did not realize, but after she had started she did not like to turn back.

She sat on the steps and watched them for awhile. The boys stopped playing soon and gathered round her. Suddenly one of them exclaimed, 'Crip, there comes yer daddy, an' he's drunk! Yer better hide or yer'll git a beatin'.'

'Crip,' who was lame and brave, and a favorite with the others, stood in desperate fear of his drunken father, for his mother was dead, and to that father's tenderness he owed his crippled foot.

There was not time to hide, and even the boldest of the boys was frightened as the angry man came toward them. He did not notice the girl, and with an oath he caught the little fellow by the collar and brought his stick down on the shrinking form. Before another blow could fall, Elizabeth, with a white, set face, caught the cane in her hand, and with the other drawing the child to her, stood before the half-crazed man with blazing eyes:—

'How dare you strike the boy!' The man drew back and stared at her. The fair, refined face, the brilliant eyes, the indignant voice dazed him for a second.

But the evil spirit got the better of him, and with another maudlin oath, as he shook her hand off, he said, 'He's mine, ain't he?'

Elizabeth put the child behind her and said, steadily, 'You will have to strike me first.'

The uplifted stick waited in the air, but there was a wicked look in the bloodshot face, and she was afraid. Then an unexpected ally came to the front, and both Elizabeth and the man turned. It was Hugo, his boyish figure tense with excitement, his fists clenched, and his face pale with passion. Behind him, lined up in a row, were the rest of the gang.

Hugo spoke, and there was a ring of scorn in his voice that the girl, terrified as she was, noticed.

'Look here, Joe. I reckon yer don't need no introducin' to dis gang. Yer hev bin acquainted wid us before. An' it's de truth I'm givin' yer now. If yer don't drop that stick an' git out of dis, yer hev got dis gang to fight, an' if yer wants ter try it—jest come on now.

The man looked at the row of young but determined faces, but neither moved nor spoke.

'An' if yer afraid,' the boy's contempt was superb, 'here's somethin' more: If yer dares to touch Crip ag'in, you'se goin' to settle that, too, wid us. An' yer knows what de judge said about it de last time yer was up. It's fer you ter say what you'se goin' ter do about it, but we dares you—that's all!'

It was clear that Joe was not so drunk but that he realized the situation as serious, and that he took in the threat which Elizabeth did not understand, for he turned on his heel without a word and slunk away.

Elizabeth tried to comfort the frightened child, but her hands trembled and she could hardly control herself.

'Don't yer mind about de kid,' said Hugo. 'I'll take keer of him.'

When she rose to go, the Preston Hills followed. 'Jest to see none of dese hobos fool wid yer,' Hugo explained.

When they reached the corner where she took the car for home, he said, bashfully and without any of his customary defiance: 'If yer ain't no objections, I'm comin' to Sunday school now. I wants ter know about dis Frien of yourn what yer says helps yer along. I ain't never had no real friend, and I hev bin fightin' all my life, but if yer think there's any chancet he would look at a feller like me, I'd like to come.'

It was a long speech for Hugo, and he paused before he added, 'I know it ain't anything common kin made a leddy stand up like that 'fore a drunk man fer a little boy what ain't no kin ter her.'

Elizabeth's eyes filled with tears as she took the boy's hand. 'He is a good Friend, Hugo, and he wants to be yours, too.' The boy's face was transfigured by the light that broke on it, but the only hint the amused passengers had of the victory so lately won was a crowd of ragged street boys waving their caps in the air and yelling, 'Three cheers fer Miss Gray,' as a girl in a dainty white dress took her seat on the car.

Toys.

To tell the whole story of the art of making toys, it would first be necessary to find some means of exploring the ages that antedate history. The love of toys is as instinctive as it is universal. No barbarous land has yet been found which was so uncivilized that its children did not have their playthings, shapeless and clumsy, perhaps, but still capable of fulfilling the purpose for which they were created; and there is no record of any time when little ones have not possessed some kind of puppets with which they might divert themselves. Archaeologists, in delving among the tombs of ancient Greece and Egypt, made the surprising discovery that the art of toy-making was not only known, but had attained a high degree of development as far back as five thousand years ago. In those days both Grecian and Egyptian children had their dolls, and they were jointed dolls at that. As compared with the magnificently attired French conceptions of the year 1905, they were crude inventions, of course. Their bodies were made of wood, or clay, or of stone, and their little limbs were wee laths, fastened to the body by means of a wire. The carving of the bodies, however, was not badly done, and many a child since that time has been glad to mother a more unsightly doll.

By the side of the dolls of the children of ancient Egypt the archaeologists unearthed other playthings which children still love to possess—the doll's furniture, the utensils for cooking, and, what is even more interesting from an antiquarian's point of view, the articles used in the making of sacrifices, cleverly duplicated in miniature, that the children might be able to conduct their dolls through the ritual of their religious exercises —a circumstance that suggests that the word 'sacrilege' had not then the same meaning which it has to-day.

It is a long step from the year 300 B. C. to the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries, but it was within that time that the art of toy-making was both brought to a high state of perfection and then once more forgotten. Like other arts, it could not survive the neglect and vandalism of that period known as the 'Dark Ages.' Just what the children used for playthings during these long centuries of darkness and ignorance one can only surmise; but it is safe to say that they found some things to play with, not only because the making of toys was one of the first objects to which man devoted his attentions when he plunged into the renewed activities of the Renaissance, but also for the reason that, as the psychologists have recently taught us, playthings are, and always have been, quite as necessary a constituent of human health and development as food and medicine. In other words, children crave toys because it is natural for them to want them. They need them, and to deprive them of these pleasures would be to retard their progress in their work of becoming men and women.—'Public Opinion.'

'If time is short, many tempers are yet shorter.'—Christina Rossetti.

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LITTLE FOLKS

The Twins' Party.

The twins were to have a party next week; mother was busy writing little notes of invitation, which they were going to carry around to their friends to-morrow. To-morrow would be Saturday.

Puss came running in; her face was red, and she did not seem like mother's Puss. 'Mother,' she began in an aggrieved voice, as soon as she could get her breath, 'I s'posed it was mine as much as Phil's, and he'—

'What was yours as much as Phil's dear?' mother stopped her torrent of words to enquire.

'Why, the party; an' now he says he shall invite more'n I do. I just wish he wasn't my twin.'

Usually they were very happy twins, and loved each other dearly; but sometimes—well, sometimes they did not just agree. Perhaps Puss had been playing too hard. When you play too hard—anway, it did Puss.

'I think Phil is willing you should choose half the guests,' mother said quietly.

'No, he isn't; he's mean,' declared the rebellious Puss with a pout. I want a party alone.'

'You know you can't have two parties, Catherine. I think it is very nice to have your little friends together. Why, I never had a party, even with some one,' said mother.

She tried to reason Puss into a better state of mind, but finally she led Puss to the closet. 'Now, Catherine,' mother said (mother always said 'Catherine' when she was sorry)—'now, Catherine, you must stay in here until you can come out and tell me you are sorry for being naughty. You may sit on the ragbag, and I will leave the door open a crack.' If mothers just wouldn't talk in a sad, wabbly voice when you are naughty! 'It hurts me more than it does you to have to do this,' mother said as she walked away.

Puss sat and drummed her heels. Probably Phil had only been fooling. She almost knew he had been. It was awfully still in the closet! Mother had never had a party! Goodness! Phil and she had had lots of them. 'I wonder how it feels to never have a party?' mused Puss. And then she had an idea! She must tell Phil. Of course Phil had been fooling. Puss was good that minute, and came out of the closet and told mother she was sorry, and then ran out to find Phil. She met him coming to search for her. 'O, Phil, just you think! mother never had one party, an' we've had lots'—. Puss paused for breath.

'What, not a single party? But prob'ly when you are old you don't care about parties.' Phil tried to look as if he believed it.

'But mother isn't old, Phil Dayton; you ought to be ashamed of yourself. I guess she would like a party just as well as we would, and we must give her one.'

'Why, how can we give mother a party? It takes lots of work to make a party.' Phil was doubtful.

'I thought all about it. I had to; I went in the closet a little while, and I planned it. We can take our invitations to mamma's friends 'stead of ours to-morrow, and they will come and s'prise her.'

Phil sat down on the steps to consider the plan. He drummed his heels loudly. You can think better when you drum—at least the twins can. Of course if mother had the party they could not have one, and parties are nice. Mother had never had a single party. It must seem dreadful never to have had one. Mother should have their party.

The next day each of the mother's friends received an invitation, and were told to come and surprise her. It took a great deal of determination to keep the secret, but it was kept.

O how surprised mother was! And when Aunt Edith explained why they were invited, instead of the troop of little folks mother expected to see, what do you suppose mother did? She sat right down and put her arms around Puss and Phil and—cried. The twins did not like that—the crying part—very well, but Aunt Edith exclaimed that grown folks sometimes cried for joy.

After they had settled down to enjoy the evening, Uncle Will gave Puss and Phil, on behalf of the company, a pretty gold ring for a birthday present.

The twins were as surprised as mother had been, but they did not cry. It's lovely, an' you're good,' Phil said. 'Yes, good,' Puss echoed, trying on her ring.

Mother let them sit up as late as any one stayed, and they did not get one bit sleepy. The twins always said that that was the best party they ever had.—Constance Prince, in the 'Cumberland Presbyterian.'

Ida Spied a Spider.

Ida spied a spider,
  And she was sore dismayed;
She did not want to kill the thing,
For that might rainy morrow bring,
  Alive, she was afraid.
And while she stood considering,
  The spider guessed her plan;
He thought it wiser not to wait,
  And so away he ran.

—'Australasian.'

'You can be a little helper,
  Child so fair!
And your kindly deeds can make
For your heavenly Father's sake,
Sunshine, love and happiness
  Everywhere!'

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Night.

When all of the things which I had
for play,
Are put in their places and laid
away,
I take off my tired clothes one by
one,
And fold them away—for the day
is done.

Oh, then is the time I have stories
read,
As I lie in my nightgown—cool, in
bed,
And out in the garden, the dark is
deep,
So the lilacs and larkspur may go
to sleep.

The red cow will gaze in her stall
so wide,
The chickens will roost by the old
hen's side.
The day brought beautiful things
to do,
But isn't the evening pleasant, too?
—By Carolyn S. Baily.

His Mistress's Voice.

Spot sat down looking as puzzled as ever a doggie could look.

'I don't understand it,' he said; 'I can't make it out in the least.'

'What is wrong now?' asked his friend Scotty, who was curled up in front of the fire.

'Why, I've been in the study with Master,' answered Spot, 'and I heard Mistress talking quite plainly, and I couldn't find her anywhere.'

'How funny!' and Scotty jumped up from the soft rug. 'Take me in to see, will you? Perhaps I can find her out.'

Spot shook his head dolefully; he was too bewildered to say, as he would have done at another time, 'If I can't find her I'm sure you can't,' but he led the way into the hall and scratched at the study door.

Mr. Leslie opened it with a laugh. 'Here they are again,' he said to a friend who was with him; 'it's quite comical to watch them.'

He went to the table, on which stood a queer thing like a big trumpet. Then suddenly someone was heard singing such a pretty song!

'There!' cried Spot, barking excitedly, 'that is her voice. Where can she be?'

Quite as excited as his friend, Scotty exclaimed. 'Let's look!' and they both began to hunt about under the tables and chairs, behind the curtains, and Scotty even poked his nose into the waste-paper basket; but she was not to be found there.

Mr. Leslie and his friend kept laughing all the time and the two grew more and more puzzled.

'I believe she's on the table somewhere,' cried Spot; and, getting on a chair, he jumped on the table, followed by Scotty.

'Yes, she's in this thing. Oh, dear!' And sitting down in front of the trumpet thing with his little friend beside him, they both lis-

tened with all their might, looking so surprised!

Mr. Leslie left the room, and soon came back with his wife.

'Oh, the little darlings; they don't understand!' she cried as she picked them both up in her arms.

'Poor, puzzled doggie, that is a phonograph. Didn't you know?'

The grown-ups all laughed; but as Spot ran away to his dinner he shook his little head wisely.

'I know what it is,' he said, after much thinking. 'Mistress has two voices, her talking and her singing one, and the one she isn't using she puts into that thing.'

'That's it! Now we know!' cried Scotty.

'Now come and have a race. I'm so glad we've found it out at last.' And they really thought they had.
—'Cassell's Little Folks.'

'Mean To.'

'I didn't mean to,' Willie said.
He said it every day;
For things were broken, things
were lost,
When Willie was at play.

'I always mean to,' Carlston said.
'I mean to keep things straight.
The boy who 'didn't mean to' do
Gets left a sure as fate.'
—'SS. Messenger.'

The Little Waiter Girl.

Grandma had such a cold that she had to stay on the couch in her own room, and the doctor came to see her.

While he was there Nannie brought a glass of fresh water.

'I am grandma's little waiter girl,' she explained.

'A very nice little waiter girl,' said the doctor. 'What else can you do besides getting a cool drink for her?'

'I can close the blinds when the sun comes in, or open them if the room is too dark. I bring her medicine powders to her, and spread the slumber-robe again when it slips off.'

'You are quite a little nurse,' the doctor said. 'No wonder your grandma is better to-day, with such kind and tender care.'

'But sometimes she is tired, and wants to be still; then I go away and play,' said Nannie.—'Words of Cheer.'

Little Missionaries.

Little folks, as well as great ones,
May be missionaries true,
If they only will be willing
Even little things to do.

Little feet can run on errands;
Little hands do deeds of love;
Little tongues speak words of kindness
Pleasing unto God above.

Little folks can tell the story
Of the Saviour's love so sweet,
And to those that never heard them
Blessed Gospel songs repeat.

They can be recruiting sergeants
For the army of the Lord,
Bringing to His house the children,
There to learn His precious Word.
—'Ram's Horn.'

Correspondence

S. M., N.B.

Dear Editor,—As I have never written to the 'Messenger' before, I will write now.

I have got the 'Messenger' from a friend for a long while. I like it very much.

This is a very pretty little place west of Moncton. It is very pretty in summer, and on the top of the hill one can see far away. It is rather dreary in winter, and my! the snow drifts.

Moncton is a very nice city, with some very fine buildings. About three months ago the I. C. R. shops were burned. It was a big loss, about $1,000,000. But I think they are going to be built up soon again. I wonder how many readers of the 'Messenger' have seen the bore of the Petitcodiac River? Well, I have, it was lovely. I could hear it a long piece off, and when it came in sight it was just like a large wall of water moving along at the rate of eleven miles in two hours.

I have a brother in Vancouver, working in the Fire Department there. He has been out to Dawson as a North-west Mounted Policeman. I have not seen him for six years, but I think he will be home this summer. I will be glad to see him.

I wonder if any other girl or boy has a birthday the same day as mine, March 12.

I think I saw the question some time ago in the 'Messenger,' how many words are there in the Bible? The answer is 773,697 words.

Here is a question: How many times does the word 'Jehovah' occur in the Old Testament?

JESSIE A. LUTES.

N. S.

Dear Editor,—I am going to write my third letter to your nice paper, the 'Messenger.' I like reading the papers very much. The story about 'The Christmas Stocking' was very nice.' I have read a number of books; some of my choicest were: 'Little Women,' 'Coming to the Light,' and a few others. I wonder if any of the readers of the 'Messenger' ever read any of the 'Elsie' books. I read a few.

I am near fourteen years old, and am studying Grade IX. work this year. We have a very nice teacher. We keep a Sunday school library, of which I am both treasurer and secretary. I think the answers to L. Merric's conundrums are:

1. The Queen's coachman. 2. Clock. 3. An (d).

Answer to M. E. C.'s first one is XIX. Take 1 away and it leaves XX.

I am sending a conundrum: 1. If a stove shovel cost 25c., what would a ton of coal come to?

T. M.

S. L., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Messenger' from Sunday school, and I think it is a very nice paper. I would not like to do without it. I will answer some of the conundrums. 1. Who is it that always sits before the Queen with his hat on? Ans. Her coachman. 2. What is it that is always going, yet standing still? Some people's tongues. Ans. to C. G. Kellen, A match. I can answer quite a few more, but it would take up too much room.

H. M. S.

C.

Dear Editor,—I will send a question: Take half of eleven and leave six? I guess I will close, hoping some one will answer my question.

GLADYS E. McKAY.

S. N.B.

Dear Editor,—I like to read the 'Northern Messenger' very much. I live in Bohemia, Austria. My father is a foreign missionary. Most of the people are Roman Catholics. My favorite stories are 'Black Beauty,' and 'Life of General Grant.'

JAMES A. W. CLARK (age 9 years).

A., Ont.

Dear Editor, I think the 'Messenger' is a very nice paper. My father has taken it for a great many years. I have never seen any letters from A. yet. I live on a farm called 'Mount Blow.' It is about five miles from A. I have two brothers and one sister. My eldest brother's name is Norman Earl, and the youngest Johnnie Bennet. My sister's name is Elva Isabel. We take the Montreal 'Weekly Witness,' and my father likes it very much. I go to school nearly every day. Our teacher's name is Miss T. My sister and oldest brother go to school regularly. I am ten years old. I wonder if any little boy's or girl's birthday is on the same day as mine. Mine is on the 10th of November. The answer to L. Merrick's questions are: 1. The Queen's coachman. 2. A clock. I do not know the answer to the last one. I think the answer to Annie Gregg's puzzles are: 1. It is a draft that pays the doctor's bills. It is a draught that cures a cold, and a draught that gives a cold. The answer to Lottie Patton's question is: Because they try to make both ends meet. I think I will give some riddles. 1. Why are tears like potatoes? 2. What is the difference between a bad boy and an elvelope? 3. In what month do men talk the least?

S. ELSIE PAUL.

'Rabbits.' Emma Recsor (13), C.C., Ont.

M. C., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger,' and like it fine, so I thought I would write a letter to it. I have been going to school. We have so many men I have to stay home to help do the work. Of my studies I like history and geometry the best. I like to read, and have read quite a number of books.

The answer to Gleason H. McCullough's riddle is: A knot on a tie.

The answer to M. E. S.'s first riddle is: Put down 19 in Roman numerals, and rub out the figure one.

MYRTLE R. WOOD.

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. I go to school nearly every day, and am in the third reader. I think the answer to Jeannie Duncan's puzzle is four wheels. My birthday is on September 15, and I am nine years of age. For getting three new subscribers for the 'Messenger' I received a premium, 'The Sweet Story of Old,' which I like very much. For pets I have a cat, two kittens and a dog. Edyth Brooks asked where the word reverend appeared in the Bible? It is in the 111th Psalm, and ninth verse. I think I will close with a puzzle. Which is the happiest letter of the vowels?

ELSIE L. COWIE.

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I saw so many interesting letters and puzzles on the Correspondence page I thought I would give some, and also try and answer some.

I suppose all the girls and boys who attend school will be having their Easter holidays now. I am. I am in the [illegible] at school.

Margaret F. Bird [illegible] how often the word 'and' appears in the Bible. It appears 46,277 times.

Mary L. Gaskell [illegible] If a tire shovel cost ten cents, what would a ton of coal come to? It would [illegible].

The answer to M. S. S.'s puzzle: Take one from nineteen and leave twenty. It must be done in Roman numerals.

To Minnie V.'s puzzle—Riddly, Riddly Addy, Oh, my father has got some seed to sow. The ground will [illegible] Black. The answer is a newspaper.

Now I will ask a few like first, How many times does the word 'Lord' appear in the Bible? The second is: How many times does the word 'Reverend' appear in the Bible? The third is: Which verse in the Bible contains all the letters of the alphabet except 'j'?

ETHEL G. T.

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have seen quite a number of letters in the 'Messenger' that different boys and girls have written, I thought I would write one, too. I get the 'Messenger' at the Presbyterian Sunday school every Sunday, and always look forward to its coming. I like the Correspondence, and Little Folks' pages the best. I like reading very much. I will mention some of the books I have read: 'Black Beauty,' 'Glengarry School Days,' 'Wee Macgregor,' and 'Meadow Sweet and Rue.' I am in the senior fourth class at school. There are about forty-two in our room. I will send a riddle: Which weighs the heavier, a stone of bread, or a stone of feathers?

DORA McCAULEY (age 12).

FROM SCHOOL THAT TOOK 57.

D. H., Ont, June 2, 1906.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I received my brooch, and was very much pleased with it, and I hope every one else was, too. Our teacher takes great interest in the school, and I am glad that she noticed the Maple Leaves and stick pins, as it was very kind of her to mention it to us. I like the 'Messenger' very much, and I have read a great deal of it. We have a very nice school here, and I am glad to say, two of the best and nicest teachers on the Continent. There are about 35 pupils in my room.

MARY GLEASON

A TRUE BEAR STORY.

When my grandfather was a little boy, one morning, about daylight, his parents heard a noise in the sheep pen, and went out to see what the matter was. He saw a bear among the sheep, who had climbed up and torn a hole in the roof and jumped down among the sheep. Grandfather's father ran over to his brother's for a gun, and told him about the bear. He came over with his gun, the other neighbors came too. When Mr. Bear heard them coming he thought it was time to be moving, so he up with his paw and knocked the door down and came out. Grandfather's [illegible] at the bear, and [illegible], but he was only wounded, and made off toward the woods as fast as he could. The men kept on [illegible] at him until he reached the woods, and then one man shot at him, and Mr. Bear tumbled over a log with his heels up in the air. The man jumped up on the log and said he had got him, but no sooner said the words than up jumped Bruin and made a grab for him, and it might have been very serious for him if it had not been for his dog. When the bear jumped up the man [illegible] his gun, and struck the log instead of the bear, and broke the gun. So then they were without a gun, and full a quarter of a mile away from any, and the bear still alive, so what did they do but drive him back to the sheep pen. Then they got another gun and killed him.

M. S. S. (age 11).

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I wrote to the 'Messenger' some time ago, and I thought I would write again. I think I will send some riddles.

1. What stands on one leg, and has its heart in its head?

2. What goes up hill and down hill, and never moves?

3. What kind of a [illegible]?

MAMIE MILLER.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is June, it is time that the renewal was sent in so as to avoid [illegible]. As newsdealers always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

LESSON II.—JULY 8, 1906.

The Duty of Forgiveness.

Matthew xviii., 21-35.

Golden Text.

Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.—Matt. vi., 12.

Home Readings.

Monday, July 2.—Matt. xviii., 21-35.
Tuesday, July 3.—Matt. xviii., 15-20.
Wednesday, July 4.—Luke viii., 1-5.
Thursday, July 6.—Col. iii., 1-17.
Friday, July 7.—Matt. v., 17-26.
Saturday, July 7.—Matt. v., 17-26.
Sunday, July 8.—Mark xi., 20-36.

(Davis W. Clark).

It is right for him who asks forgiveness for his offenses to grant it to others.—Horace.

Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler Reason, against my Fury
Do I take part; the rarer action is
In Virtue than in Vengeance.
—Shakespeare.

The parable of the king taking account of his servants was a transcript from current history. All the rulers of Palestine were the servants of the emperor. They were likely to be summoned any instant and made to give account of their gubernatorial deeds and revenues. From such a plane Jesus lifts the thought of His disciples to the plane where God is King. It pleases Him to bring His creatures into an accounting with Himself. It is evidently not a last judgment that is pictured, for the unmerciful servant is set loose and given another test. In this parable Jesus portrays a species of preliminary trial which reveals the soul to itself. The effect of this ante-judgment is to reveal to the sinner his insolvency. He is ten thousand talents in debt. These figures simply illustrate the immensity of our liability to God's account. We can not pay a mite out of a talent. In view of his invincible bankruptcy, there is nothing for the sinner to do but to sue for mercy. One of the most consolatory strokes in the parable is this: 'The Lord was moved with compassion, and forgave him the debt.'

This parable is an expansion, in a popular and attractive form, of the truth stated concretely in answer to Peter's question: 'Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me and I forgive him; till seven times?' The remainder of the parable shows the incongruousness of the forgiven sinner showing an unforgiving spirit toward his fellow. By the very incredibility of the supposed case Jesus shows that the unforgiving spirit is incompatible with discipleship. The servant who had been forgiven a debt of $15,000,000 finds a fellow-servant who owes him $15. He does not follow the example of his king. On the contrary, he seizes his debtor and demands the last farthing. On hearing of this deed the king is wroth, and cancels his own forgiveness.

This is Jesus' answer to Peter's question. 'How oft shall I forgive?' Peter had made an advance upon the Talmud and rabbis. They taught the duty of forgiveness to the third offence, but after that, allowed anger, resentment, and revenge. Peter more than doubled the rabbinic allowance. He proposes to forgive seven times. Will not the sacred number suffice? But Jesus' laconic and decisive answer is, 'Seventy times seven;' that is practically without ceasing. A definite number is put for an indefinite one. In this multiplication of the perfect number by its multiple, Jesus practically says, 'Throw away the multiplication table when you come to the matter of forgiveness.'

ANALYSIS AND KEY.

1. Jesus' use of current events.
   For illustration.
   Rulers of Palestine summoned
   To Rome for accounting.
2. Accounting to God.
   In this instance not a last judgment.
   Preliminary accounting reveals insolvency.
   Divine forgiveness.
3. Application to man's forgiveness of fellow.
   Paradox: Forgiven sinner showing unforgiving spirit.
4. No degrees in forgiveness.
   Question 'How oft?' not to be raised.
   Peter's advance on rabbis not sufficient.
   70 times 7. Practically without ceasing.
   Throw away the multiplication table when it comes to forgiveness.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

A commercial crisis, personal bereavement, or revival of religion may be God's means of bringing us to account in advance of a last judgment. It may be His way of breaking up the careless security in which we rest.

* * * *

The great uncertainty of Bible weights and measures is illustrated. On the basis of the Hebrew talent Clarke estimates the amount as £70,000,000 sterling, more than the revenue of the British Empire in his day. On the basis of the Attic talent others figure it as low as $10,000,000. The matter is curious rather than important, however. A vast sum is all that is intended to be indicated.

* * * *

In view of his debt, its incredible magnitude, and the sinner's invincible bankruptcy, there is nothing left for him but to sue for mercy. The preciousness of the parable is that it teaches one can not appeal in vain.

* * * *

We are inclined to deprecate this mulcting of the once forgiven servant with his whole original debt. Trench asks, 'Do sins once forgiven return on the sinner through his after offenses?' He answers his own question well when he says, 'The difficulty arises from our viewing the forgiving of sins in too formal a way.'

* * * *

Olshausen says finally: 'This parable explains the ground on which a member of God's kingdom must ever stand ready to grant forgiveness, as only through forgiveness extended toward himself could he have obtained entrance to that kingdom.'

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, July 8.—Topic—Forgiving and being forgiven. Matt. vi., 14, 15.

Junior C. E. Topic.

CONSECRATING GOD'S HOUSE.

Monday, July 2.—David's preparations. I. Chron. xxix., 1-5.
Tuesday, July 3.—Solomon's preparations. I. Kings v., 1-11.
Wednesday, July 4.—The building. I. Kings vi., 7, 22, 38.
Thursday, July 5.—The feast of dedication. I. Kings viii., 1-11.
Friday, July 6.—Address to the people. I. Kings viii., 12-21.
Saturday, July 7.—Part of Solomon's prayer. I. Kings viii., 31-40.
Sunday, July 8.—Topic—Consecrating the Lord's house. I. Kings viii., 22-30.

Plan Your Work.

We should be able to read some things two ways—from beginning to end, and from end to beginning. In studying the aspect of somebody's successful effort we can almost always trace it back to the cause. Reading down it would be something like this:

PLAN
YOUR
WORK.

Many stop right here. They are great schemers. Plans are always in evidence—so are failures. The biggest failure we ever saw was a man who had no end of plans. What was the trouble? This, he failed to work his plan. He did not read up. There is no perpetual motion in Sunday school work. After you have planned your work, Work your plan.—'Evangelical.'

The Inefficient Teacher.

Each teacher should keep his own class in order. If that were the rule the superintendent could give his whole attention to other matters. The trouble with many scholars is, they are allowed to do as they please, and they usually please to do the very things they should not do. In many cases it is not the unruly boy that must be dealt with, but the inefficient teacher.

A Bible Scholar in the Kitchen

I know of one dear woman who had only a common-school education, 'and a very common one at that,' she used in her humility to say, who yet became so choice a Bible scholar that in her church and Sabbath school it grew to be a habit with the people to defer to her opinion and those who had had abundant opportunity for study learned to mark their own opinion with an interrogation when it differed from hers. To one who questioned her as to how it was possible in her narrowed and wonderfully busy life to give the amount of study and thought that she evidently did to Bible themes, she made answer:

'Why, you see I have a great deal of time to myself. After the children are started for school I am alone all day. And I know that at six o'clock there will be eleven hungry people who will look to me for a good dinner; so of course I have to spend a good deal of my time in the kitchen. Years ago I foresaw that the larger portion of my waking hours would have to be spent there, and I felt lonely and wanted a companion. So I covered my Bible with slate-colored cambric and took it to the kitchen with me. After a while my husband put up a shelf on purpose for it, and made a little wire arrangement to hold it open, and we have had real good times together, my Bible and I. I can peep at a verse here and there and keep thinking it over as I go about my work, and think of all the other verses I know that throw light on it. It is wonderful how many verses one knows that fit in, if we just give them time to find their places! Ironing days were very nice; it was long, slow work, you see, that didn't take much thought, because I knew exactly how to do it, and I could give my mind to some subject that needed studying, and every once in a while find a verse that made it plainer. Then in the evening, when I had a quiet half-hour to myself, I'd look up things that I hadn't had time for during the day, and find out what others thought about the same verse. That would be sure to start me on some new verses, and maybe we would go on for weeks, my Bible and I, studying that one subject.'—Pansy, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.'

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

Rum and Ruin.

Whiskey is the 'dynamite of civilization.'

The bottle slays more people than the battle.

Beer is never so flat as the man who drinks it.

Drink first dims, then darkens, then deadens, then damns.

A match may start a conflagration, and a teaspoonful of brandy a thirst for liquor.—Epworth 'Herald.'

'Guard Me and Guide Me.'

Canon Wilberforce, speaking at the Meeting of the Women's Total Abstinence Union, said: 'One summer, when I was staying down in the South of England, a good-looking man came up to me, and said, "You don't remember me, I suppose?" I had a sort of idea that I had seen him before, but could not recall where and when. He said: "Six years ago I came into the Skating Rink in Southampton where you were speaking on total abstinence. I was a cab-driver, but had lost my character through drink. Now I own three carriages and have got four horses. I have come down here now to buy horses. But I got more than that at that meeting. You remember how we all knelt down in the after-meeting, and, so far as I knew how, I lifted up my heart to God, and said, 'Do, God, take me, guard me, and guide me.' I have never gone back from that, and not only am I a sober man, and industrious and prospering man, but I believe I see my way clear to the world beyond."'

Eye Strain and Drinking.

The Intimate Relation Between the Two—Excessive Drinking njures the Eyesight.

Dr. Gould, of Philadelphia, whose excellent papers on eye strain in literature and among literary men has opened a new field for the study of causes and conditions which influence civilization, has mentioned a most practical fact which can be confirmed in every study of inebriety.

He says, in his Cleveland lecture, 'that the enormous waste for alcoholic drinks during the past year can be traced in at least one-tenth of the actual loss in the evil effects of eye strain on the nervous system and digestive organs. The sleeplessness and irritation with disturbed digestion, described by the term nervousness, headache, biliousness, is traceable to eye strain.'

One can readily see how these conditions would call for the narcotism of alcohol. Recently a number of studies have been made of the eyes of inebriates, and the injury found is very extensive and widespread. Whatever the condition of the eye may have been before alcohol was used, the eye more than all the other senses suffers from the continuous or periodic use of spirits. Dr. Gould's most suggestive statement is a fact which every student of inebriety can understand and confirm in many ways.

Even the severe arraignment of alcoholic teaching in public schools is replete with facts showing the value of the work and the accuracy of the books which are condemned. Altogether this report is a most powerful argument sustaining the experience of railroad companies, corporations and all employers of labor.

The critics who declare that alcohol has a food and a stimulant value are theorists. If their contention is true, why should corporations regard the moderate use of alcohol with fear and alarm among their employees? Why should railroads discharge moderate drinkers and insist on total abstinence in all persons in their employ?

In reality all directors and managers of railroads and corporations are becoming more and more insistent that their employees should be temperate. The mercantile agencies rate very low, as to responsibility, all persons who drink to excess or even to moderation. Recent scientific experiments show that the moderate as well as the immoderate use dulls the senses and diminishes the capacity to reason clearly, and altogether enfeebles the brain in its activities. This explains why persons using spirits have less capacity and control of themselves and are weaker than total abstainers. The theory that alcohol has value as a food or stimulant dies hard. But every year experience hastens its certain death.—'Journal of Inebriety.'

Mental Deterioration.

'That the user of tobacco is incapable of concentrated mental effort is demonstrated by the fact stated by a member of the Academic Board, that cadets have complained of their inability to apply themselves to study and attain the class standing they desired, on account of the excessive smoking of companions in their rooms, which they were compelled to endure.'—Selected.

The Stone Jar.

One burning hot Sunday afternoon, four rough-looking men, living in one of our large towns, determined to have a quiet tipple among themselves. True the public-houses were all closed, but this presented no serious difficulty to them.

A small bench was placed in a narrow passage, which terminated in a high wall, and a stone jar of beer was mysteriously obtained. But they had reckoned without their host, for an earnest Christian worker had come to reside in the neighborhood, and from one of the windows of his house his quick eye saw and took in the whole situation. He made up his mind, with the help of God, to make an effort to lead these men to Christ. His wife tried to dissuade him from such a rash undertaking, fearing he would be insulted and perhaps brutally treated, but he was determined to go forth in the strength of the Lord; so standing on a chair at the end of the passage, he began to sing a well-known hymn. Soon a crowd of upwards of two hundred people, men, women and children, gathered round the preacher, while the children and many others heartily joined in the singing. After a short, fervent prayer, he gave a stirring Gospel address, and in it dwelt on the misery caused by indulgence in strong drink, and then affectionately invited the people to accept Christ as their Saviour.

But what about the four men in the passage? At first they looked upon the affair as a joke, and enjoyed it immensely; but when they found egress impossible on account of the crowd, they became uneasy, and wished they had never come there. The stone jar was pushed into a remote corner, and the men tried to tidy themselves a little.

After a while, as no allusion had been made to them in any way, they got interested in the meeting, and at the end of the address each one of them signed the pledge, and all remained afterwards total abstainers, and to all appearances humble Christian men.—'Christian.'

Treating

Several years ago a gentleman of my acquaintance fell into the habit of using intoxicants until he seldom passed a day without some symptoms of drunkenness. He sometimes came home to his family in a state of beastly intoxication. Under their piteous appeals he consented to go to an inebriate asylum, and after a few months of treatment he came back apparently entirely reformed. Sunshine again filled the house that had long been shadowed with shame and sorrow. He continued sober for several months, but one day an old friend met him in New York, greeted him cordially, and invited him to go into a down-town restaurant and take a social glass with him. Under a sudden impulse he yielded, and that one glass aroused the latent appetite; the chained tiger was loosed again, and my poor friend went home that night pitiably and disgracefully drunk! During the brief remainder of his life he was a wreck.

That whole wretched tragedy of a ruined life was the result of a single act which goes under the deceitful name of 'treating.' That friend who offered the ensnaring glass proved to be a deadly enemy! Grant that he had no intention to work a fatal mischief; grant that he had no thought of doing a serious harm. He did it, however, as surely as if he had been actuated by a fiendish malice.

Society People Dying.

The late Queen's physician, Sir William Gull, M.D., F.R.S., said: 'One of the commonest things in British society is that people are injured by drink without being drunkards. It goes on so quietly that it is very difficult to observe. There is a point short of drunkenness in which a man may very materially injure his constitution by means of alcohol. From my experience, alcohol is the most destructive agent that we are aware of in this country. I hardly know any more potent cause of disease than alcohol. A very large number of people in society are dying day by day, poisoned with alcohol.'

Strong Words From a Doctor.

Dr. C. A. Greene, writing in the 'American Medical Record,' speaks as follows:—'Thirty years ago two of the noblest physicians, men of fine native and physical powers, commenced the use of two tablespoonfuls of the purest whiskey to induce sleep when overworked. One gradually lost his practice, and died, filling a drunkard's grave; the other still lingers a hopeless and helpless alcohol habitue, whom neither the Keeley cure, the entire medical pharmacopoeia, nor the strongest moral aid has availed to save. It is far more difficult to treat traumatic injuries, fevers, influenza, pneumonia, and prevailing epidemic diseases when the patient is a moderate drinker, than to cure a total abstainer of equal vitality.'

The One Cure for Joint Evils.

In the year 1891, the highly honored author of Prohibition, Gen. Nead Dow, penned the following over his own signature for the public press:—

'The liquor traffic exists in this country to-day, by the sufferance of the membership of the Christian churches. They are the masters of the situation, so far as the abolition of the traffic is concerned.

'When they say "go" and vote "go" it will go. Is that true? Then the responsibility rests entirely upon the churches for the poverty, pauperism, degradation, wretchedness and crime which curse the nation and the people.'

Drink—a Double Curse.

It is sometimes said that liquor will not hurt anyone if he will let it alone. That is a mistaken conclusion. Dean Farrar said that in London alone at least a thousand babes are suffocated every year by drunken mothers. It might be difficult to determine whether the sufferers from intemperance are more numerous amongst those that do not drink or amongst those that do.

The Enemy of Man.

Dr. Norman Kerr says: 'Alcohol is physiologically and psychologically not the friend but the enemy of man; undermining his bodily structure, diminishing his health, impairing his muscular activity and capacity, and shortening life. The tendency of alcohol is to be a body destroyer and a brain beguiler.'

HOUSEHOLD.

To-day.

(By Mabel Earle, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

Gift of Thy love, untried, a golden day,
Here in the dawn it lies.
What treasure bides within it, who shall say,
Of joy or sacrifice?

Perhaps within this breaking dawn draws near
Some sweet surprise of good,
So that my heart shall mark it, year to year,
A day of gratitude.

Perhaps to-day Thy voice will call on me
To suffer grief or loss.
This opening path may end on Calvary
Beneath the cross.

I know not; yet I say, 'Thy will be done,'
And lift my thanks to Thee,
Since all this day from dawn till set of sun
Thy love will walk with me.

A House That Folds Up.

I saw a seashore lodge once, built by a man and his wife, who not only had an increasing family of small children, but also numbers of nieces and nephews and friends, whom they loved to invite to the absolutely free life of their wilderness lodge. And they contrived a unique and inexpensive method of having many rooms for sleeping, without an immense house space beside. The house had a wide porch and a deep square bay or 'look-out' in the living room. This room was itself square, and each corner had a room built in it which had one permanent wall and one on hinges. The partitions running from back to front were immovable those running from side to side were hung on heavy strap hinges, and during the day folded back against the immovable partitions, making thus alcoves in each corner, the centre being a square, open space. Both partitions were of inch matched boards. To accommodate the staircase, which started up by one of these solid partitions, one of the 'rooms' had half of each partition on hinges, so as not to get in the way of the stairs. Inside each alcove was a woven wire mattress, secured to the solid partition by hinges, and with its thick cotton quilt mattress tied on it. This was raised by a pulley and rope by day, and a curtain ran over it.

The staircase led to a gallery which ran about twelve feet deep around the building, making the ceiling of these four lower rooms and of the square spaces between. In each corner was another room, rather larger than those below, while in the recesses between were windows and lockers, and these were four loafing places. Great stone jars of golden rod and sea marsh grasses stood in them, an old spinning wheel, an aquarium, many odd and characteristic things. The roof of the house, with its central peak, made the ceiling for all this upper portion, and the whole effect was unique in the extreme. There were then eight bedrooms at night, four in the day time. The fireplace was between the two back corners, and served also as a chimney for the kitchen stove, the kitchen being a one-story extension.—E. E. Holman, in 'Outing.'

How to Begin the Day.

I begin my day's work some mornings, perhaps wearied, perhaps annoyed by a multiplicity of trifles which seem too small to bring great principles to bear upon them. But do you not think there would be a strength charge wrought in the petty annoyances of every day and in the small trifles that all our lives, of whatever texture they are, must largely be composed of, if we began each day and task with that old prayer: 'Rise, Lord, and let Thine enemies be scattered?'

Do you not think there would come a quiet in our hearts and a victorious peace to which we are too much strangers? If we carried the assurance that there is one that fights for us into the trifles as well as into the sore struggles of our lives, we should have peace and victory. Most of us will not have many large occasions of trial and conflict in our career; and if God's fighting for us is not actual in regard to the small annoyances of home and daily life, I know not for what it is available. 'Many mickles make a muckle' and there are more deaths in skirmishes than in the pitched field of a great battle.

More Christian people lost their hold of God, their sense of His presence and are beaten accordingly, by reason of the little enemies that come down on them like a cloud of gnats on a summer's evening, than are defeated by the shock of a great assault of a great temptation, which calls out their strength and sends them to their knees to ask for help from God.—Dr. Alexander McLaren.

Why we Tire Easily.

Few people do work enough during the day to make them tired.

The fatigue generally comes from their taking such short breaths while engaged in their more-or-less absorbing toil, that their blood is not sufficiently oxygenized. and this produces thick blood, and 'that tired feeling.'

What is the reason that you can walk so far and so long, during your mountain vacations? After a little practice you can go from one hill to another and from one valley to another, and along great stretches of roads, with not a fourth part of the fatigue that you would feel in the city, a few weeks before.

What is the reason that the long rides that you take through mountain regions, or along the shores of the free-breathed ocean, leave you, of the two, in rather a rested condition; or, if you are tired, give you a sweet, restful sleep?

The answer to these questions is, no doubt—the air you get on the way. Lack of air is one of the greatest fatigue-producers.

For instance, you often 'awaken tired' in the morning. Why?

Probably because you have sheltered yourself to such a terribly thorough degree, that the air had not enough chance to get at you, to do you much good. Then perhaps you have tucked your head down among the bed-clothes, and thus shut off, to a great extent, what little air there was in the room.

Whatever you are doing, make it a part of your work, to take as long a breath each time as you can. It will take you a long time to get into this habit, but it can be done. You will often find yourself neglecting it; but you are to start right in again, every time you think of it, and sooner or later you will get the habit established—to your great benefit.—'Everywhere.'

Economy and Extravagance.

One of the rarest gifts in life is just a sense of proportion. Out of the thousands of young men and women who study art, how few are those who have a natural discernment of the right balance and relation of each part to the whole, and how long and laboriously must the majority learn the laws of proportion. Yet we expect each man and woman to be a wise economist, and shake our heads over extravagance, without ever considering the blank ignorance from which it usually springs. If the science of proportionate expenditure could be taught in our public schools, it might change conditions for many families in the future; but as it is, most human beings stumble along as best they can, saving or spending with an entire lack of education on the whole subject.

Economy, through this ignorance, has gained rather unpleasant associations, as of cheese-paring closeness, and the poorest cuts of meat. But 'economy' means, in the original Greek, simply the management or control of household or community incomes. The good economist is the wise spender, not the grudging saver. The proportion of the part to the whole, of the daily expenditure to the yearly revenue, of the unessential luxuries to the essential necessaries—this is the field of the economist. It is not how much we spend or save, but how and why we spend or save it, that marks us as good or bad economists. A man who economizes on the education of his children to spend on furnishing his house, for instance, economizes very badly indeed. The woman who economizes on the family food so as to spend on the family clothes is a still worse economist. Such a mother comes to memory, with nine children and a pitifully small income. The children had shoes and clothes enough to quite deceive the neighbors, but the table went bare, and to the remonstrance of a friend who knew the inside facts, the mother only replied.

'Folks don't see when the meat isn't on your table; but they do see when the shoes aren't on your feet!'

It was shrewdness, but not wisdom—rather the very poorest of poor economy.

Selected Recipes.

CHEESE AND POTATO PIE.—Boil about one pound of potatoes, and while very hot mash them, adding two tablespoonfuls of milk, half an ounce of butter, three ounces of grated cheese, with pepper and salt. Well butter a pie dish, strew it thickly with bread crumbs, fill up with the potato and cheese, and bake for thirty minutes in a hot oven. Turn it out on a very warm dish, and serve at once.—W. R. Signal, in the Australian 'Christian World.'

APPETIZING VEGETABLES.—Peas and carrots cooked together are appetizing. Slice the carrots thin, or cut them in small cubes, which makes them more delicate. Creamed carrots are delicate enough to serve with spring lamb if they are chopped fine after boiling and mixed with a thin cream sauce. There is so much in the preparation of these vegetables. Beets, which some people will not eat at all, may be made attractive by chopping instead of slicing. Cold chopped beets with lettuce make a good supper salad.

A RECIPE FOR LADY FINGERS.—Beat the yolks of 4 eggs until lemon colored and thick. Add gradually, still beating, half a cup of powdered sugar, a pinch of salt and a teaspoon of vanilla. Beat the whites until dry and stiff and fold in slightly, then sift in three-quarters of a cup of pastry flour and fold in with as little stirring as possible. Have a lightly greased dripping-pan ready, pour the batter into a rubber pastry bag and press it through into shapes about three inches long and three-quarters of an inch wide. Sprinkle powdered sugar over them and bake about fifteen minutes in very slow oven. If a pastry-bag is lacking one can be improvised out of stiff writing paper, or the batter may be dropped by the spoonful.

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Religious Notes.

Mr. Walkup, missionary of the American Board in the Gilbert Islands, has been lately passing from island to island, and reports a wave of religious zeal passing over a large portion of the group. Many have responded to the preaching and have professed repentance. At Marakei seventy-five seekers were enrolled. The missionary calls for four hundred Bibles and four hundred New Testaments, which are greatly needed by the people within the group.

Dr. Arthur H. Smith, 'the profoundest living student of Chinese character and customs' and author of 'Chinese Characteristics and Village Life in China,' is soon to return to China. He has been lecturing at various points and giving Americans a new view of educational matters in China. hat great Empire is stirred to unusual activity by Japan's successes. Over eight thousand Chinese students attend college in Japan, but would prefer American institutions if provision could be made for them. Dr. Smith suggests that the indemnity of $20,000,000 which China is paying the United States be utilized as a fund for establishing scholarships for Chinese students in existing colleges in this country. President Roosevelt has evinced a large interest in the matter, granting Dr. Smith an interview of considerable length, and promising an active interest.—New York 'Observer.'

The Hon. Andrew D. White, addressing the students of Cornell University on Democracy, and Education, said that the only thing that would save the United States from going the way others had gone would be education, and education with a decidedly more religious content. He advocates more use of the best Biblical literature in the public schools. He is talked of as the coming president of Chicago University.

In a recent address by Chancellor McCracken, of New York University, occurred the following statement which is good food for fathers to meditate upon: 'When a boy has learned from his father that it is manly to drink, healthful to smoke, and picturesque to swear, the college has a hard time to convince that youth that its library is a more attractive place than a beer room. We notify mothers and fathers who send us spoiled boys that we will try to make them decent men; but if twelve months' time shows the spoiling process to be going on, we will send the article home, all charges prepaid. We would rather graduate a freshman into a place on his father's farm in Westchester or his father's shop down town in Manhattan than to keep him three years longer and graduate him a dissipated scholar, however brilliant.'

A Greek woman employed in the American Hospital in Caesarea, Turkey, was stirred by a revival. She straightway asked leave to visit a woman whom she had injured, and to whom she had not spoken for ten years. When she trudged through the snow three or four miles to ask her 'enemy's' forgiveness her relatives were sure she had gone daft. But the next day, when she came back to the hospital, she said, 'We made peace, and the stone in my heart is gone.'

A Nebraska missionary called on the parents of two boys who are serving their sentence in the penitentiary for stealing cattle. They said: 'We have tried to bring up our children the best we know how, but this is the result of their association with evil companions. We were church-members in Ohio, and went to church and Sunday school every Sunday, but that was eighteen years ago. Why did you not come before? Now it is too late. If we had had church and Sunday school, probably our boys would not have been where they are.'

Love for humanity and missionary zeal seem especially likely to be transmitted from parent to child. The 'Missionary Herald' states that nearly one-third of the missionaries of the American Board are the children or grandchildren of former missionaries of the Board. In India and Ceylon there are now ninety-five American laborers, thirty of whom are in direct missionary descent.

General Booth of the Salvation Army celebrated his seventy-seventh birthday, not by giving up active duties and retiring to his villa at Hadley for a well-earned rest, but by planning a third Motor Campaign and arranging for a third trip to Japan. At the impressive celebration, held in the Crystal Palace in London, 17,000 people gathered to express their loyalty to General Booth and his cause. In his address, which was most enthusiastically received, the General reviewed his seventy-seven years, declaring emphatically that life was indeed worth living. He ascribed the success of the movement to God, reconsecrated his life, and called for volunteers for the army. A large number of young people responded to his appeal. It was announced at the meeting that over $360,000 had been raised by the Self-Denial Fund.

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